

necessity for the expenditure of \$250,000 in the problematical task of establishing a new journal? It cannot surely be that the *Empire* will undertake to do what none of the existing Toronto journals could be decently asked to do—namely, support the Government in wrong measures? Perish the thought! And yet if this is not the idea, we ask once more, what is the use of this new organ?

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OUR opinion is that organism as well as Griffism is defunct in Canada. Neither of the parties, as at present constituted, are worthy of the earnest, enthusiastic support of level-headed men, and no paper can charm them into such state of mind, charm it never so wisely. Both parties are without any clearly defined policy, and both are too cowardly to venture upon any of the new issues which the people are discussing. Something is going to break before long; a live people can't live for ever on husks, and we are not aware of anything more succulent than the editor of the *Empire* can offer in the name of the Ottawa Government, or that any Grit editor can offer on behalf of the Ottawa Opposition.

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IF it wouldn't be troubling M. Frechette too much, might we ask that gifted poet to sit down in some of his odd moments and re-write his work in the English language? It give us an odd sort of sensation to hear of the honors Paris has been heaping upon him as the national poet of Canada, when we know that some three and a half million of his fellow-countrymen have, for good and sufficient reasons, never enjoyed his writings in the original. If M. Frechette is really the great poet of Canada, it seems to us that Canadians ought to get the benefit of him.

POLITICAL MORALITY.



HE details of the recent election trials, "wrote the able editor," "disclose a scandalous and shameful bribery. It is sad to reflect that citizens of a free country should be base enough to barter their franchise for a dollar or so. They should be made an example of. Such rascals richly deserve a term in jail." And having exhausted his virtuous indignation, he turned to his exchanges for fresh food for thought. Then he wrote again:

"We are glad to announce that the government have at length resolved upon the construction of the long-delayed Squigglepop harbor improvements at a cost of \$20,000. It is also in contemplation to give a bonus of \$3,500 a mile to the proposed Squigglepop and Peterout Junction Railroad. These undertakings will greatly conduce to the material prosperity of Boodell County, the electors of which at last election, by the way, returned an Opposition member to Parliament by a small majority. They would be guilty of the basest ingratitude to a government which by its liberal policy has clearly shown that it has their interests at heart, should they repeat this mistake at the approaching by-election."

A PRIZE POEM.

A WEEKLY paper offers a prize of \$10 for the best poem on "Boys, Don't Leave the Farm." When I read the announcement, my heart stood still with wonder at the munificence of the offer, and I decided to pocket that X. But somehow, I couldn't get my muse to strike the proper chord. Try as I would, I couldn't get up enough enthusiasm on the subject to write a conscientious poem. I had not enough sympathy with my subject. My mind ran in the wrong channel. When I thought I had got it worked up to about the proper pitch, ghosts of past politicians, governors, presidents and bank cashiers and other famous reformers, loomed up and informed me that they had at one time wooed the goddess Pomona, but found her too exacting and too prodigal of her remuneration. I also resurrected the memory that I had myself been born and raised on a farm. In fact, I was raised several times on the farm—by the plow-handles, by Billy the ram (and occasionally by the toe of my father's boot). This latter by way of parent-thesis. But had I not discarded the dear old thistle patch and won for myself fame, honor, and a lucrative position in the vortex of city life? On what pretence could I advise the boys not to give up farming, when such a brilliant contra argument as my own phenomenal success kept tugging at my heart strings and crying "hypocrisy!" However, visions of that X succeeded in stifling the tugs, and after several hours of agonizing thought and squandered brain tissue, I managed to reel off a few lines, which I imagine ought to come in a winner by several laps. My wife speaks French, and she says it is just *aw-fa*:

Oh, don't you leave the farm, my lad,  
For if you do, you know  
The "dear old home" will miss you bad,  
And big bull thistles grow;  
Wild mustard with its yellow glare,  
Wild oats and weeds most foul  
Will grow in rank profusion where  
You once did "spud" and growl.

Remember, boys, your childhood days  
Among the "buds and bees,"  
The winter whites, the summer grays,  
The plum and apple trees;  
Remember, too, the old ox team—  
But then you will, of course,  
Remember how you'd shout and scream.  
Gee! haw! till you were hoarse.

I know some boys have left the farm,  
Who won themselves a name,  
Whose lives seem now to be a charm,  
But still their lives are tame;  
They can't build fences in the rain,  
Or chase the "breechy" ox;  
They can't make chewing gum of grain,  
Or blast the blank, blank rocks.

They can't arise with morning light  
To haul the ripened grain,  
And work and sweat till late at night  
Because it's like to rain;  
They know not what sound slumbers are,  
Tired backs and aching bones,  
Nor how the hands get many a scar  
While freeing fields from stones.

Ah, life upon the farm, my boys,  
Is lively and is free;  
I'd go myself back to its joys,  
But that may never be,  
For I've a \$7 sit,  
The which is better still  
Than farming, and I'll stick to it—  
You'd better bet I will!

SAM STUBBS.